



WOMAN went by in the rain with the glide of a skiff and the smile of a siren in her eyes. My companion, who regards women with indifference commonly, looked at her with kindling of the eyes.

"What do you see in her?" I asked, curious, for more than one man within sight shot the same respectful glance of interest after her. You might sum all her attractions in the one word—vitality—of body, brain and feeling.

"I see what all men look for in the ideal woman," he answered.

"What is the root of all this pleasantness?" I asked. "How can women arrive at this gracious quality who are not born to it?"

"They must be happy," he said. "When will you women understand that the foundation of all that is charming, kind and charitable in you depends on a certain soundness of nerve, and—shall I say it?—digestion? You may have ailments and accidents, but this margin of decency and sanity of nerve will keep you from being an infliction to others and a drag on the happiness of your own households. With this resilience you can throw off your little troubles, which form the staples of so many women's lives and conversation. The women of little strength and frayed nerves are the ones who bring their petty, distracting household troubles to their friends, who regale the parlor with complaints about the gas and water fixtures, and refresh the breakfast table with lamentations that the milkman is late with cream for the coffee.

"Oh, you may laugh; I am simply reporting at shorthand; but you know how utterly such boredom extracts all the spirit and flavor of life. Were a woman well in body and spirit she could settle such worries with herself and suppress them in her own consciousness, not even allowing them to take too much room in her thoughts.

"Why, here you are, for instance, turning sharp around on me, nervous and pale and actually growing lines in your face, staying indoors so much; and this beauty-rain is falling, and you ought to walk to Fairmount Park with me this blessed afternoon to get the benefit of it.

"You can't possibly spare time for such days out of doors? But what hinders your working about house with the windows wide open to give your lungs a chance at the purest air to be obtained? That pretty woman we met I know has a habit of sitting hours with her window wide open while she sews or studies wrapped in shawls and a foot-warmer at her feet, or fur shoes on. It is her way of preserving her looks and vitality. It cost something in fuel and comforts, but what is money good for if not to prolong life and youth?"

SHIRLEY DARE.

MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN'S DAUGHTER A SOCIETY FAVORITE IN ENGLAND.

MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN has always been a woman of large ambition. She has flown high, and has always alighted in the topmost branches. One of her loftiest flights was that of marrying her daughter into the peerage, and the little, slim girl, scarcely more than a baby, was hurried to the altar at the soft and unformed age of sixteen. The Earl of Craven, the boy bridegroom, was twenty-four. That was four years ago, and the little Countess has now developed into a lovely girl of twenty, and is as English as any born Britisher that ever rolled the broad "A."

She is tall and graceful and handsome, with something very patrician and elegant in her carriage, and she dresses in exquisite fashion.

The present Earl is the fourth peer of the name. The title is not an old one, having been created in 1801. His other title is Viscount Uffington, and he is descended from the Barons of Craven, created in 1665. He is captain of the Royal Berkshire Yeomanry, and was late aide-de-camp to Lord Zetland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was educated at Eton, and is an all-round good fellow, in love with his young wife, rich, popular and well-mannered. So it is undeniable that Mrs. Bradley Martin did well by her little Cornelia.

The Cravens have three superb country estates—Combe Abbey, in Coventry; Hamstead Marshal and Ashdown Park, in Lambourn, Berkshire. The Earl owns 40,000 acres, while the Duke of Marlborough owns but 23,400.

The young Countess has no children, and she leads a very gay and fashionable life, going from one of her husband's estates to another, coaching with her father and mother, or



The Countess of Craven, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin.

Four years ago, as Cornelia Martin, being then sixteen, she married the Earl of Craven, eight years her senior. She is now at her husband's estate in Coventry, England, where preparations are all made for an interesting addition to a family whose social connections are worldwide.

visiting them at their vast estate of Balma-caan, in Querness, away up in the purple north of Scotland.

Combe Abbey, however, is her favorite home, and this is not to be wondered at, for it is the loveliest old place imaginable. Grand and richly furnished, the Abbey is old and full of memories. It was here the old Baroness of Craven lived hundreds of years ago, and the stately ladies of Craven embroidered tapestries for the walls and for the backs of the great, carved chairs that still furnish the rooms. The walls are covered with portraits of the old Cravens, and here, too, are those famous paintings of priceless value—the "Combe pictures"—the Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia's collection, left by the Queen to Lord Craven at her death, she having previously married him.

The gardens and lawns of the Abbey are dreams of loveliness, the corps of gardeners working continually to keep them in beautiful order. It is not far from London, and the air is soft and warm all the year round. In spite of the Abbey being so grand and stately, the rooms are homelike and inviting, and the Lady Cornelia is happy as a bird all the long day of her young life.

It is expected that a young stranger will make his or her appearance in the Craven family within a few months. This fact makes the young Countess particularly interesting to English society at this time. In domestic matters of this kind the European aristocracy is less privileged to maintain privacy than the plain citizens of the United States. It is considered perfectly proper that society should take a deep and warm interest in the welfare of the house of Craven.



Little Neck Clams. Olives.
Radishes. Fried Soft Shell Crabs.
Cream of Asparagus. Maitre d'Hotel Sauce.
Cucumbers.
Sauterne.
Broiled Mushrooms On Toast.
Roast Gosling.
Green Apple Sauce. Champagne.
Mashed Potatoes. Champion Peas.
Tomato and Lettuce Salad.
Strawberry Parfait.
Cream Cheese. Toasted Wafers.
Coffee.

Set the table prettily, carrying out a color scheme of rose and fresh foliage green in the decorations. Have a low glass dish in the centre of the table filled with half blown deep pink roses, set in a fringe of tender young maple leaves. Lay a border of maple leaves on the table cloth studded with roses two feet from the ladies' edge of the table. At each plate lay a bunch of large deep pink carnations tied with apple green narrow satin ribbon, with long looped bows and ends. For the gentlemen lay boutonnières of one large carnation.

The Journal has already given directions for serving Little Neck clams in the half shell. Do not forget the Tabasco sauce.

To make a cream of asparagus: Boil a bunch of asparagus till tender. Then with a potato masher press the pulp from the asparagus through a colander into a stew pan; add a quart of cream and a pint of rich white soup stock. Stand the stew pan on a quick range, and as soon as the soup begins to bubble thicken it with a heaping tablespoonful of flour dissolved in cream. Let the soup boil two minutes longer, season with a little salt and strain it through a fine colander into a hot soup tureen and serve.

Directions for cooking and serving soft shell crabs, broiled mushrooms on toast and for making a salad of tomatoes and lettuce have been given in previous numbers of the American Woman's Home Journal.

Goslings, or, as the English call them, green geese, are most delicious eating during the latter part of June. Never buy goslings unless they bear the guarantee tag of the poultryer that they are absolutely free from fishy flavor. For a dinner of six get two goslings. Dress and prepare them as you would roast chickens. Stuff them with mashed potatoes, flavored with a little onion, sage and chopped parsley. Rub the goslings well with sweet butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Put them in a deep dripping pan and roast them until thoroughly done in a quick oven.

Make a sauce from the green sour apples which are plentiful in market in June. After the apples are stewed until they are perfectly soft, strain them through a puree sieve, sweeten them slightly and stand the sauce in the refrigerator.

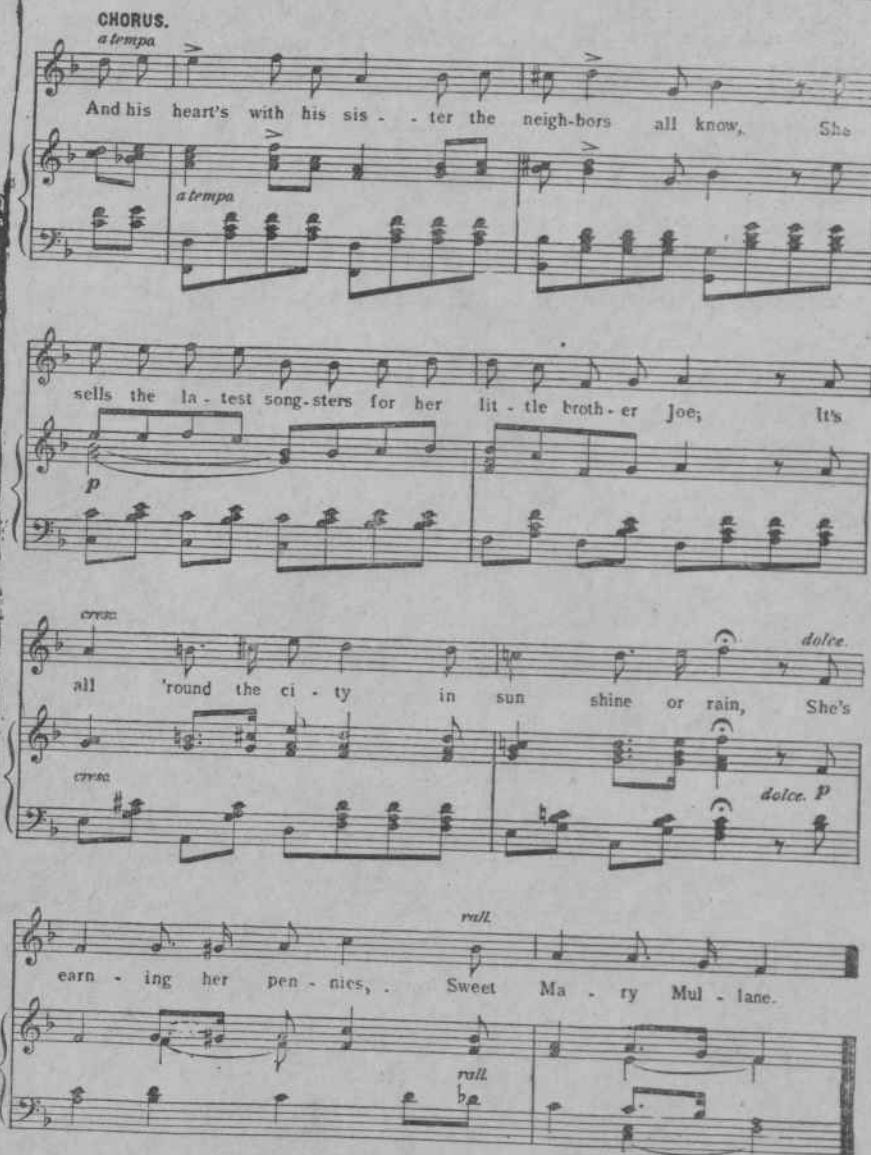
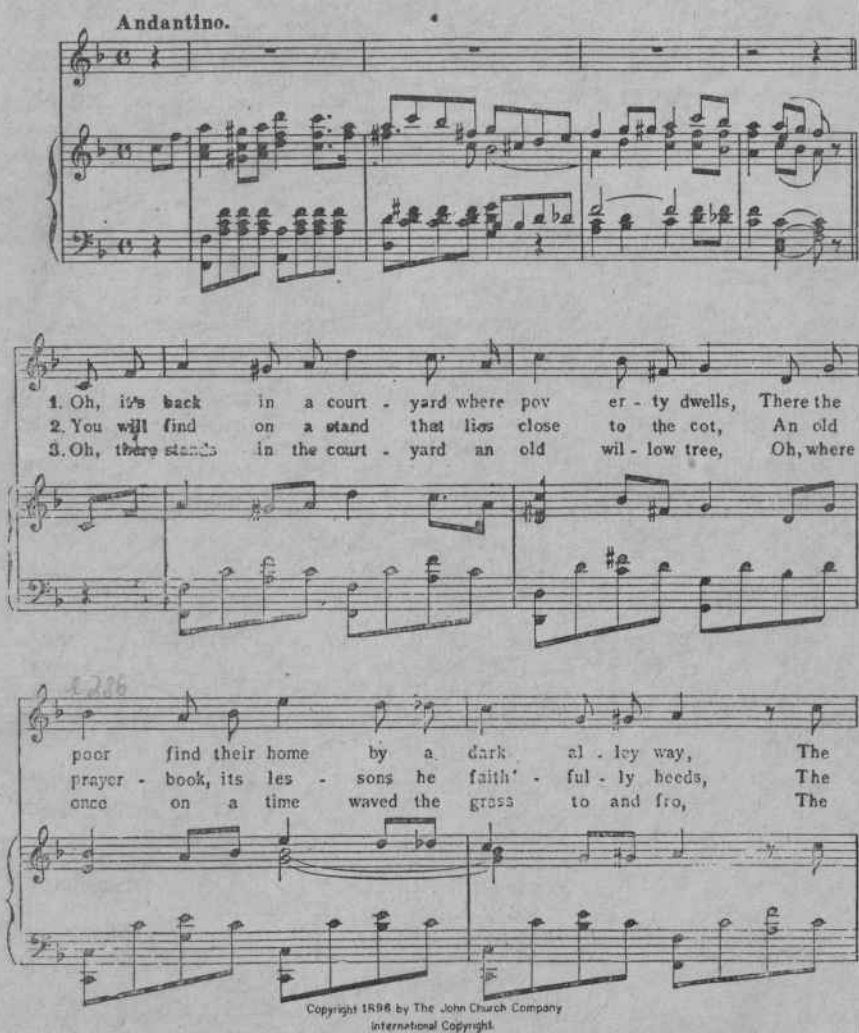
JULE DE RYTHER.



SWEET MARY MULLANE.

Word by EDWARD HARRIGAN.

Music by DAVE BRAHAM.



PUBLISHED BY
PERMISSION OF THE
JOHN CHURCH CO.

Copyright 1904 by The John Church Company
International Copyright